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CONQUER WINTER CHILLS WITH YOUR WARM WELCOMING PARADE HOSTESS ZETA!

Never mind what the weather's like outside, Paraders- Parade 146 delivers hot licks galore, and still for just 120p!

Here's a taste of my bombshell booty this time round, including many a page three-er, all parading their intimate talents, and getting into a winter party season mood just for you.

And don't forget you don't have to step outside your door to join in Parade's party fun-yes, our exclusive 33p-a-minute (44p peak times) hotlines like my own confession line on 0836 403 395, and 0898 442 826 where one of my most famous bosom chums reveals how she once had thirty men in a day, means you can savour aural thrills galore, while you gaze at all the shapely party lovers I've crammed into non-stop, two weekly Parade, now warming up for the sexiest Yultide ever!

Like I said, here's a glimpse of the close-up, no holds barred action in store for you in this Parade, the one that gives you even more.

So don't hang around here a moment longer. Come and party with our sizzling central heating installers!

Love

Zeta

XXX

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ALL IN AN ORGY MOOD

OUR WINTER WARMERS ARE ON THE JOB ALREADY IN STEAM-HEATED PARADE

So Come & Sweat It Out With Our Famous Paradames-Too Many Of Em To List Here.

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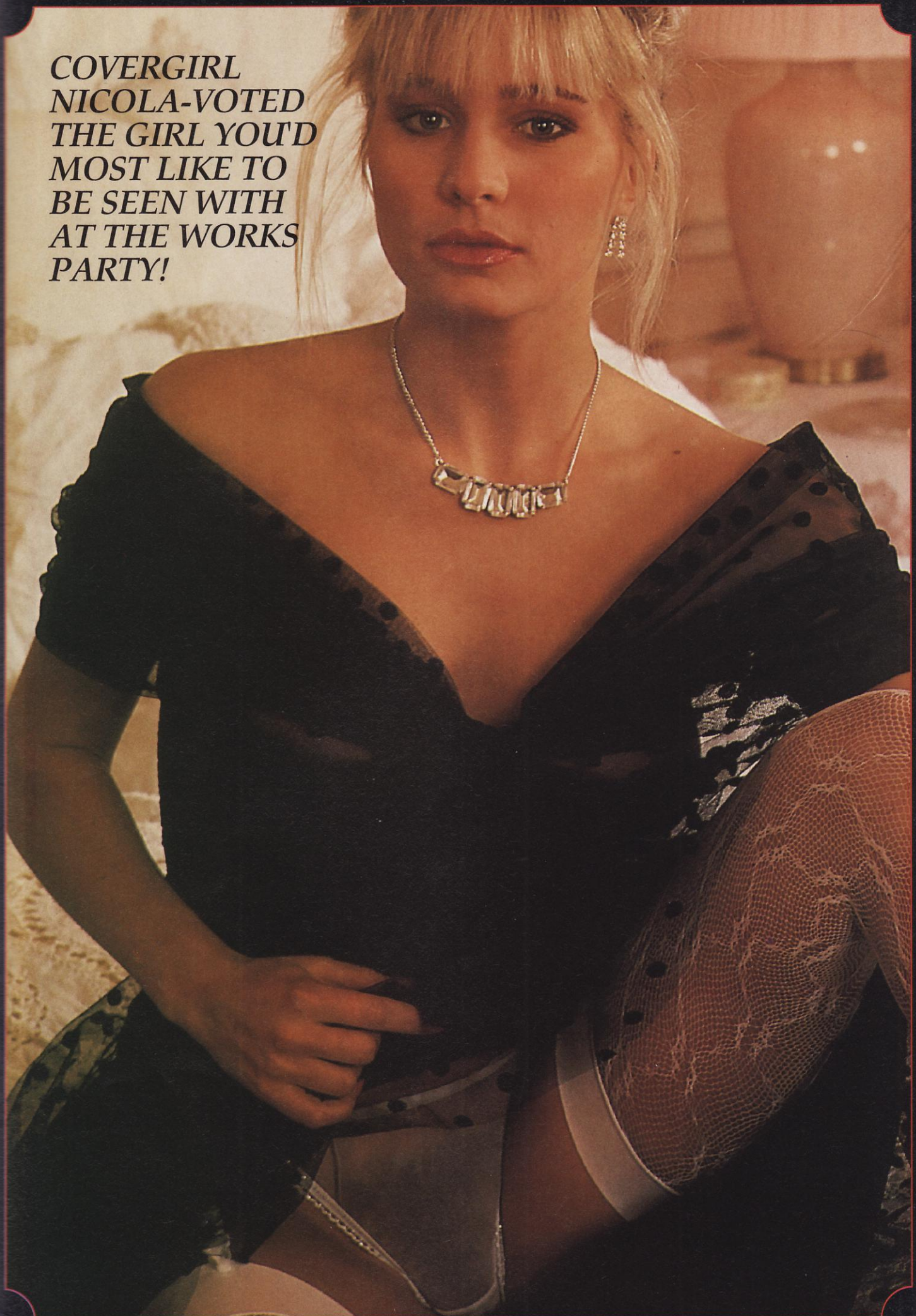
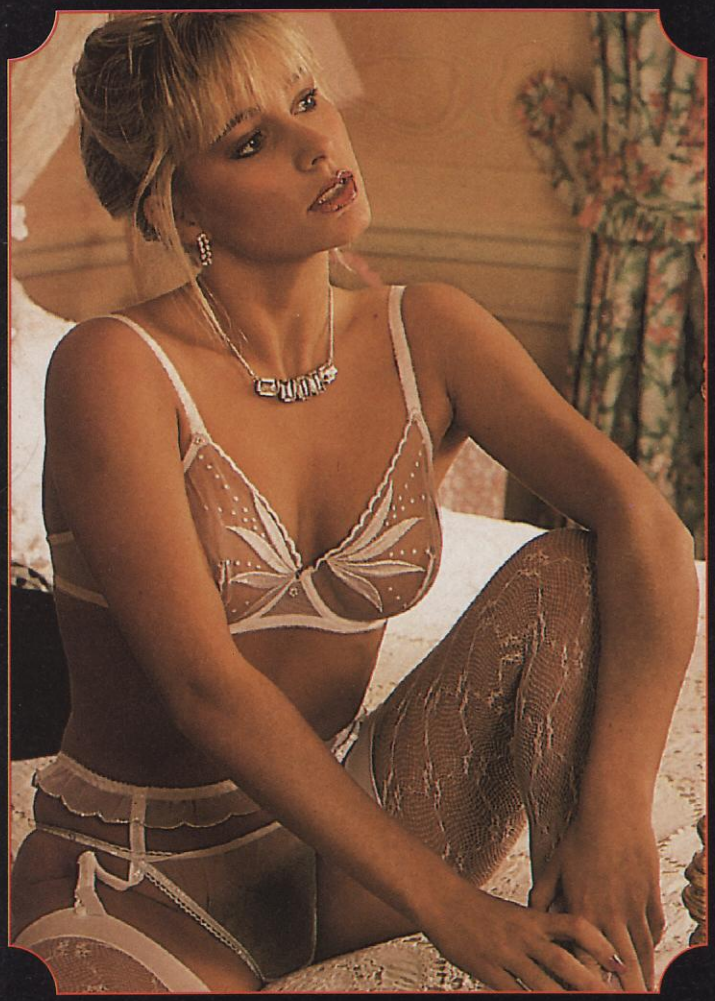

COVERGIRL
NICOLA-VOTED
THE GIRL YOU'D
MOST LIKE TO
BE SEEN WITH
AT THE WORKS
PARTY!



In a recent telephone poll, Parade readers were asked which girl they'd most like to be seen with, at their office or works do-and surprisingly, Nicola Ray here (forget other names she used in lesser men's mags!) came out tops.
Well, maybe not surprisingly, because she might be not be the best known page-three model to have aired her tantalising talents in two-weekly Parade, but she certainly has a lovely posh feel to her, doesn't she, especially when she strips for action at a palatial pad off London's Park Lane.
And it's little wonder therefore that the mega-posh sidekick mag of Parade, named after that toffs' thoroughfare has pursued 21 year old Nicol to bare her well-bred ins-and-outs for their photographers, as a Yuletide treat for Park Laners who love the idea of super-posh females doing all sorts of things they didn't oughtta-in close-up pics!
So if you want another date this side if 1991 with naughty, unstoppable Nicola, head Park Lane's way between now and your next funkily festive Parade.
It should be on sale alongside budget-priced must-see Parade-or simply ship the sampler slip nearby, to get a sniff of elegant, erotic Park Lane-for just three quid (and that includes snooper-resistant packing and postage).

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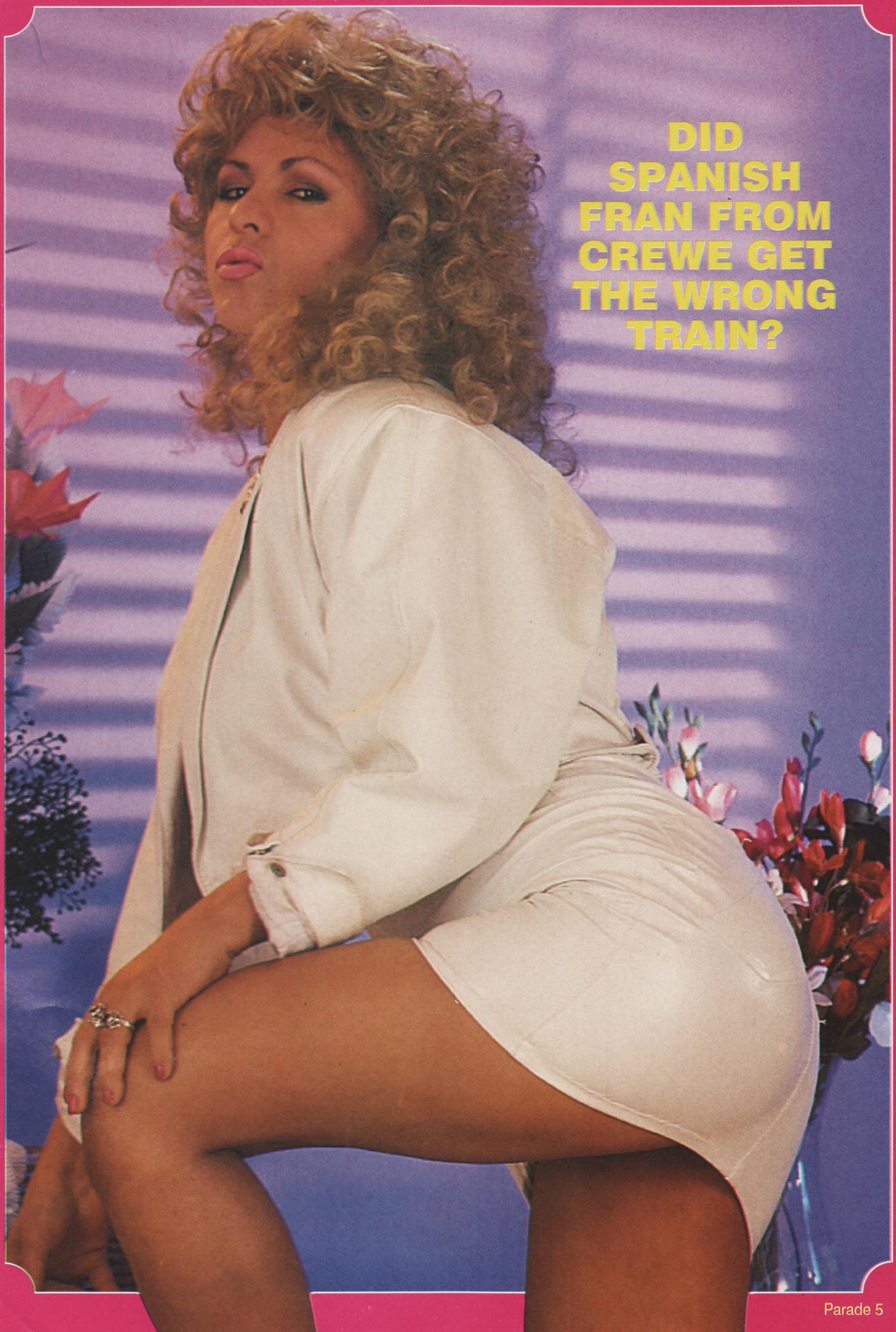
DID SPANISH FRAN FROM CREWE GET THE WRONG TRAIN?

Parade's got to be honest and admit we simply didn't understand Madrid-born Fran's account of how she came to serving coffee in a café in a Crewe.

However, when she reveals her Iberian bits for Paraders, who needs to talk?

What's more, she's all too aware of her vital 36-24-36 statistics (ingood old Imperial measurements) and when she does it in her earthy (no, we won't say Crewe-d) style, she's more than enough to make Parade break our standing orders about 'Brits First'-besides, we must look forward to 1992, mustn't we, and think Euro!

What's more, Parade's thinking of pulling in a lot more Common Market crumpet, just to ring the changes i 1991 which is one more reason for making sure you don't miss today's great turn-on two-weekly, ever!

And by far the best way to do that-and to avoid getting killed in the rush for every new funkier-than-ever, fortnightly Parade is to become one of our Priority Postal subscribers, simply by mailing the reservation in Francesca's warm-up for Parade.

That way you'll also get to hear all about the secret perks that only V.I.PP's (Very Important Postal Paraders) get to hear about!

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TARA JACKSON PREVIEWS HER PARTY GEAR FOR PARADERS ONLY!

Get involved with lovely newspaper star Tara Jackson who's shown off her turn-on talents in fortnightly Parade before now, and you could end up tied up in knots! But there's no doubt that Tara will end up the big event at every Yultide rave-up she attends in this stunning string creation! Yes, Tara might be a mega-sexy 20 year old, but clearly there are strings attached if you want to get to know her better-and judging by all your calls begging for repeat performances from Tara on Paraders' own 33p-a-minute (44p peak times) hotline 0836 403 393.you're happy to confront any knotty problem if it means more close encounters with blonde 35-23-35 Tara.

And note, if you think this party gear is kinky, just wait until you see Tara in her other stunning get-up (and coming out of it) in Parade's wilder-than-ever 'Winter Special', coming onto your newsagents' top shelf any day now.

Yes, as ever, we've gathered together Paraders' fave in one special winter warmer designed to keep the chill out of your lusty loins-and this all-colour winter perk delivers more Winter punch then ever, awash as it is with brand new stop-at-nothing photo sensations from top page three-ers etc.

Mind you, this instant central heating system sells out fast, so reserve the Parade 'Winter Special' at your magazinerie today, or simply post the Paraders' Priority Reservation nearby in the next ten minutes! It's sure to warm the heart of your cockles!

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PARADE'S HOTLINE TO ALI SKY WORKS OVERTIME

Where has wonderous 'Miss Sunday Sport' of last year disappeared, ask hundreds of Paraders on our e xclusive 33p-a-minute (44p peak times) request line 0836 403 393, every time there's a two-weekly Parade without a reminder of one of your all-time turn-ons.,

And, Finally, we've given in and brought Ali Sky out of retirement from her gracious homestead in Ipswich, Suffolk via our own hotline to Sport newspaper discoveries, like oh-so-elegant Ali.

And, as you can see, this beauty queen simply looks yet more lovely as she gets more mature, and we feel extra-lucky to have this sophisticated Suffolk sensualist casting her pearls before us sex-mad swine, especially now there's just a little bit more of 36-24-36 Ali to enjoy.

And it was Ali who told us about another perk for Sport-lovers namely, The Best Of Sunday Sport which makes an ideal Xmas gift for broad-minded folk.

You should see this crazy book of the best things from recent Sports at your local newsagent, but hand him Ali's own coupon at the finale of her pre-Yuletide turn-on for Paraders, to be completely sure of your copy of this bestseller.

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YES, MR. NEWSAGENT, DON'T LET ME DOWN

Make Sure I Get **'The Best Of Sunday Sport'**-only £3.50 a copy.

Please reserve ☐ copy/copies for me.

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TRINE'S SECRET DIARY FOR PARADERS ONLY!

Just Like A Hot Tub, Ex-Miss Denmark Keeps The Chill Out Of The Your Loins With Her Latest Reveal-All Sexploits!

Why has Parade adorned ex-Miss Denmark, Trine Michelson's latest diary sextracts for Paraders' eyes only, with tub-time snaps?

After all, our international jetsetter and bedhopper does bath more than once a year!

On the other hand, Scandinavian sensation-seeker trine does end up having a steamy time in the tub in her latest uncensored report on her sexy ups-and-downs.

And this month, despite the chill, she takes us not to the West Indies, not to some exotic tropical hotspot, but to the Essex Marshes for some meaty muddy madness which meant she ended up feeling even dirtier than usual.

Yes, Trine Michelson loves sharing her mucky doings (and undoings) with Paraders all year round, and not just here but on her three 33p-a-minute (44p peak times) hotlines too- 0836 403 375 & 379.

So if you fancy more close encounters with our gorgeous Great Dane after dipping into her steamy true adventures here, lend an ear to our Copenhagen-born kinkette on your phone, day or night-if you've got any strength left, to handle what turn-on Trine lays on the line!

TRINE'S SECRET DIARY FOR PARADERS ONLY!

Don't get me wrong Parade. I'm not trying to sound like Royalty when I say "there's a side of me I like to keep private." But while I'm very, very forthcoming about my sex life in my fortnightly column, I feel perfectly entitled to keep friends and family out of the firing line.

Without this private side, I'd surely go insane, so it's one of my life's great luxuries to mooch around the flat in a scruffy sweatshirt and jeans, and no makeup.

Similarly, it's great to leave my red Maserati sports car parked round the front, and slip out of the back door and into the seat of my faithful 1979 V-registered mini! Who ever needed twin turbocharging to get you to Sainsbury's and back

Also, strange as it may seem, there are times when I lose interest in sex, when I want men just for their company, rather than what they've got between their legs.

However, as you'll find out in the course of the next 3,000 words, platonic relationships aren't always easy to keep that way...

Ever since my childhood, spent on my parents' farm in Denmark, I've been interested in wildlife and conservation, with ornithology my "special" sphere of interest. And

'SHE WAS A NATURAL FOR BLUE MOVIES'

some weekends I drive down to Rainham Marshes in Essex with my very good friend Robert, a scientist, one of the leading opponents to the proposed construction thereabouts of Disneyland U.K.

Robert's a prince among men and a real gentleman. He's really tall and craggy, all of 50 years old, and until one afternoon last November, he'd never laid a finger on me in the entire two years of our platonic relationship-somewhat to my regret!

It was a Monday (so no dog-walking wallies), and uncharacteristically mild for the time of the year, as they say on the TV! It could almost have been September, as we made our way along the overgrown headland, approaching the estuary bird sanctuary.

I'd just invested in a whizzo new

'I WAS MESMERIZED BY THIS OBSCENE DISPLAY'

telephoto lens, and I wanted to photograph the redshanks feeding on the mud flats at low tide.

Suddenly, the sound of someone groaning caught our ears.Expecting to find something really ghastly, I climbed the grass knoll towards the source of the noise (with Robert bravely bringing up the rear) and nervously peered over the top.

It was, as my parents would so coyly say, a "courting" couple.

The fella-a big, tattooed bricklayer type, was taking it easy, lying in the grass propped up on his elbows. Sitting astride his enormous cock and facing me, was his tart, still in her stockings.She had tits like giant, pendulous water balloons, and every time lover-boy could get it together to give them a squeeze or a wobble, she giggled and said in a raspy, East End accent: 'Fack orf, will ya?' Then she looked up and saw me.

'Hello gorgeous!' she smiled, still sliding up and down on that enormous tool, not in the least bit fazed by my intrusion,

'Fancy a bit then, do ya?'

'Er, I think it's time to beat a hasty retreat,' whispered Robert, clutching my elbow.

But I was mesmerised by this obscene display, way out there in the middle of nowhere, three miles from the nearest car park. Was their love so forbidden, they had to go to such extremes to avoid detection? Or did they simply like fucking in the open air. 'He's got some tool on him, my fella' said the big, brassy slut, raising her crotch so that only her lover's knob remained inside her. 'Nine inches! If my husband found out, he'd die of jealousy. Come on, darling, come and give me button a rub.

Bring that poncey-looking bloke of yours, and all!'

I was just about to heed Robert's advice and back off, when I received my second major surprise of the day: the hand of my kind, gentlemanly

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TRINE'S SECRET DIARY FOR PARADERS ONLY!

(Continued from page 27)

'Oi!' said the redheaded tart, still impaled with gristle, 'What are you two whispering about? Come on, darling, lift your skirt and show my fella your knickers-he says you can use his face for a bar stool, any time!'

They were an awful couple-just awful! Empty beer cans littered the grass and their clothes were strewn everywhere. As I unzipped my skirt and stepped out of my panties, the girl moistened her fingers and unashamedly rubbed her clitoris. She was a natural for blue movies...

But what a bizarre way for Robert and I to get to know each other! Many's the night I'd laid in bed, playing with my vibrator and fantasising of having his lovely, lean mature body between my legs, but never like this!

It was only when I knelt in the grass beside this shameless couple, I realised how wet and muddy it was. Indeed, the girl's shoes and stockings were flecked with the stuff as she wriggled around on her lover's almighty prick, and as Robert-now naked got down on his knees behind me, we all giggled as the oozing mud squelched.

With Robert kneeling behind me, rubbing his hard cock up against my bottom and massaging my boobs, I reached out and stroked the big redhead's cock-filled fanny.She sighed with pleasure as I drew the skin back over her clitoris and massaged it, circularly.

'My name's Sheila,' she smiled, as I traced the outline of her vaginal lips, furled as they were around her

'HE'S ALL YOURS, SWEETHEART' SHE SAID'

lover's burgeoning shaft. 'Come on, sweetheart, give us a kiss!'

Sheila's cunt was wonderfully wet and warm, and as I leaned forward to kiss her and get my hands and those big, stiff-nippled melons of hers, I suddenly flinched as Robert slipped the head of his cock into my pussy. Clearly he was yet another of those men who get their kicks watching girly capers...

'Oi, blondie, 'ow about me?' said Sheila's lover coarsely, 'Don't I get a feel, too?'

'He's all yours, sweetheart,' said Sheila, raising her crotch and letting her lover's nine, hugely-erect inches flop free. 'Go on Toss him off into my fanny while I rub me button!'

Sheila's guy's great big prick was wet and glistening from having been inside her, and it was a real thrill, exposing his massive purple glans.

With Robert clinging to my bum and stirring his cock around so incredibly deep inside me, I folded my fingers around the tattooed man's thick, slippery cock and wanked it off hard and fast, till it was jetting spunk directly into Sheila's held-open cunny, and all over her thighs and belly, besides.

'How'd you like to lick me out while your fella carries on knobbing you?' said Sheila, crudely thrusting her crotch at me. We'd look like something from one of them blue films, wouldn't we?

Sensing it was exactly what Robert wanted, I thrust my cunt back on to his urgent prick and pushed my face between the redhead's hot, sweaty thighs.Shelia groaned with delight and ran her fingers through my hair parting her lips and thrust my tongue into wet, cummy-tasting slit. Talk about exciting!

It wasn't till we got back to my flat in town, several hours later, that Robert confessed this dreadful girl was making eyes at him while I was performing cunnilingus on her. Once a tart, always a tart, eh?

'But surely, it was obvious they were gypsies!' said Robert in the comfort of my opulent, tiled

'THE DEEP MUD FEL AMAZINGLY SENSUAL'

bathroom, amazed by my apparently feeble powers of detection. 'The tattoos, the earrings, the accent...

It's a shameful thing to have to confess, but the only thing on my mind in the throes of that crude, four-way orgy was to get my pussy on the receiving end of Sheila's stupendously-hung boyfriend. She was a girl of many parts, that Sheila...

'Let's swap partners and finish off in the mud flats, down by those bulrushes,' she said, a mischievous twinkle in her eye. 'My gran reckons there's nothing to beat a nice mud pack!'

Well, it seemed like a great idea, and despite the appalling pong, the deep mud felt amazingly sensual as I slithered into it, in just my stockings and suspenders.

Sheila's tattooed lover climbed in behind me and, as luck would have it, slipped in rather deeper than me, so that his powerful hard-on was perfectly situated for a stand-up fuck from the rear.

I couldn't help but feel a pang of pity for Robert, though. As he stood, pale and naked in the slime, the strapping redhead clambered astride him like a mother baboon astride a palm trunk, clinging to his shoulders, her muscular thighs

(Continued from page 43)

TRINE'S SECRET DIARY FOR PARADERS ONLY!

around his slim waist.

She must have weighed all of 135lbs, and as she gleefully slammed her bulky bottom up and down on his cock, so he sank, slowly but surely, into the mud...

Only when Sheila's musclebound lover finally reached his climax, splashing his sperm all over my over my bottom after ten blissfully frantic minutes of fucking, did the seriousness of Robert's plight sink in. In fact, it was so serious, we couldn't stop laughing.

Having had her kicks, Sheila launched herself backwards off Robert's fading erection and landed with a resounding splat in the mud. All of which left Robert up to his nuts in slime, unable to move. Curiously, he seemed unable to see the funny side of it.

'Don't worry, mate, the tide'll be in soon to put you out of your misery,' teased Mr Tattoos. 'We're off for our tea, now. It's been nice knowing you!'

Just like in the stupid TV commercial, it was Robert's jeans which came to the rescue. Robert clung to the left leg while Sheila's lover (himself black with mud from the waist down) stood on the shore and pulled at the right.

Slowly but surely, the monster arose from the marshes, squelching and-unusually for Robert-cursing freely.

'Thank God you didn't bring the Jag,' I said, as we stood beside the Mini an hour later, scraping mud off our legs with sticks. And then, seeing the absolutely appalling mess that was now my latest lover:'I don't think I can return you to your wife in this state, Robert. You'd better come home with me.'

It was never the most pleasant of drives, from the Essex estuary to central London, and as the Mini toiled and all but boiled in that painfully slow procession of vans and juggernauts, so the slimy, evil-smelling mud gradually turned to dust. I craved a bath even more than I craved an intimate, beneath-the-sheets session with my sexy scientist. Far more, in fact!

Well, not for the first time in my Parade column, it's confessions time, though not sleazy-type confessions, for a change! You see, such was my respect for Dr Robert, I'd never dare tell him "what I really did for a living." We met on neutral ground-a corporate hospitality marquee at the Henley Regatta-and this was his first visit to my flat.

'Oh, I never realised you lived in such, er, style.' said Robert, standing in the hall and gawking at my flash pad. 'I must be in the wrong business!'

'It's only a short lease,' I lied, almost embarrassed by the vulgar expanse of chrome, leather and mirrors. 'An Arab used to live here. Now come on, get those muddy things off and I'll run a bath. Or would you prefer a shower? Or a Jacuzzi, or a sauna, or a session in my steam room, or - '

'A shower will do just fine,' said Robert, trying valiantly not to be intimidated by his surroundings. 'Oh God, I've made a, mark on your carpet!' And then following me into the bathroom he added, 'This isn't a bathroom, Trine, it's a bloody indoor swimming pool!'

Well, I've always regarded it as hospitable, having a bath big enough to contain myself and a few, chosen guests!

While Robert showered the Estuary mud from his gorgeous body (singing, flat), I ran the bath. When he emerged, five or so minutes later, he found me sitting on the corner, trailing my legs in the hot, foamy water.

'I wanted you today,' he said sheepishly. 'It all seems so crude and bestial, though. I hope you didn't mind, but the sight of that couple...'

'It affected me in the exactly the same way,' I confessed, parting my knees and suggestively soaping my inner thighs. 'Do you want to continue seeing me, now we're more than just friends? I shouldn't really tell you this, Robert, but I've always fancied you, on the quiet.'

'Believe me, it's mutual,' he said, climbing into the bath and immersing himself in the suds. 'But I thought you wouldn't want to

'SHE GLEEFULLY SLAMMED HER BULKY BOTTOM UP AND DOWN'

'SHEILA GROANED WITH DELIGHT'

'ONCE A TART, ALWAYS A TART'

TRINE'S SECRET DIARY FOR PARADERS ONLY!

'I WOULDN'T HAVE YOU ANY OTHER WAY!' I TEASED'

'MY FACE WAS NESTLING IN HIS CROTCH'

know, me a married man and all that. Oh , Trine, do you have to sit like that? I'm getting a hard-on!'

'I wouldn't have you any other way!' I teased him extending my foot and expertly manoeuvring his foreskin back. 'Would you like me to soap it for you? It's ever so big...'

But a sex-in-the-bath scene was never on the cards-we wanted each other much too urgently for that!

Instead, we lay side by side under a cloud of Badedas foam, cooing and kissing and generally readying ourselves for a whole, blissful night together.

'I told Vicki I'm working late at the lab and not to wait up for me,' said Robert, emerging from the front room. 'I hate lying to her, though...'

'And so you should!' I scolded him doubting his sincerity. 'Now then, what say we take a bottle of champagne to bed?'

'What a lovely idea,' said Robert. 'And as you're so bloody rich, make it Dom Perignon!'

I was delighted to be able to call Robert's bluff, arriving in the bedroom naked, wearing the highest-heeled shoes in my collection-and brandishing a silver tray with a bottle of 1982 D.P. and a pair of crystal glasses-flash cow!

It went down-as the actress said to the bishop-remarkably well.

Robert lay flat on his back, luxuriating in my silk sheets and swansdown-filled duvet, and I wriggled down until my face was nestling in his crotch. I caressed his big, velvety balls, eased his foreskin back, and sucked his knob. Atwhich point (oh, the shame of it!) the champagne repeated on me and I belched like a lager lout.

'Oh I'm sorry!' I giggled, feeling my ears turn crimson,

'Champagne has that effect on me at times, I'm afraid You're not angry, are you? I always wanted you to think of me as a sophisticated lady and - '

'Angry?' said Robert, 'It's the sexiest thing I've ever experienced! Don't mind my asking, but can you do it to order?'

'Let's get this straight,' I said, pausing from my cock-suck, 'You actually get a buzz from girls burping while they're blowing you?'

'Absolutely!' he panted excitedly. 'I know it's a bit kinky, but...'

'Well I'd better fetch another bottle, in that case!' I said, never a girl to deny a chap his wildest fantasies. 'While I'm gone, look through my lingerie drawer and see if there's anything you'd like me to wear for you. Or anything you'd like to wear for me, if you're that way inclined!'

That night with Robert certainly ranks as one of the weirdest in my 24 years, all the more surprising considering his staid, middle-class side.

Lying there alternately sucking his cock, taking swigs of fizz and belching like a silly fifth former, I almost literally drove him crazy for me.

'Well?' I said, taking a breather, 'Would you like to come in my face and over my tities, or do you want to fuck me? All this sucking and burping is making me feel like a boozy old trollop!'

'I want to fuck you - obviously!' he smiled, holding his prick by the root and stirring the knob all around my mouth. 'Why don't we do it in front of that mirror over there? I'll push the bed over.'

With my back to the mirror I knelt on all-fours and gobbled Robert's lovely big dick a second time, while he dug his fingertips into my buttocks and opened them-and my pussy, too.

'Do I look nice back there?' I asked, wiggling my bum.

'Nice?' Robert repeated, 'Bloody delicious, more like! Stop sucking it, for heaven's sake, or I'll come too soon. Come and sit on my cock.'

I wiggled into position and gleefully slid up and down on the doctor's love-prong, alternatively French-kissing him and peering, self-admiringly, over my shoulder. I don't want to appear vain, but-boy-do I look good when I've got a big 'un protruding from my girly slit!

Robert rolled me over on to my belly, drew me up onto the kneeling position, and mercilessly humped my puss from the rear, till I was clawing the sheets and crying his name as I climaxed.

Why, oh why, are the best men always married? It's the story of my life-Goddammit!

Trine xxx

More from Trine in your very next Parade when she gets into her mega-sexy yuletide stride!

JACKIE:

JUST THE THING TO TIDE YOU OVER THE PARTY SEASON

Not only has Hendon-born Jackie Miller bared her wares full-length and furry for Parade for the first time (and what better main event-our Parade Bang-in-the-middle could you have than this five-feet-six-and-a-half-inches of horniness?).

We're also now working on her to join in the fun on some Parade-recommended 33p-a-minute (44p peak times) hotlines, like The Sex Party on 0836 403 653, and Live Sex Action As It Happens on 0836 403 655, so she can be at your beck and call over the Yultide festivities, in case you're bored by who you're with, or if you've got that left out feeling, day or night!

Mind you, the aural action on these kinky call-in numbers is pretty ear-bending and trouser-arousing stuff at the moment (oh, and we nearly forgot The Sex Maniacs' Club on 0898 886 400, which is unforgettable), and so if you need any further stimulation while you view Jackie Miller's meaty bits, discover who's partying it up on those hotlines right now.

Oh, and if you're a newcomer to Parade, don't forget you can buy yourself a bumper bag of Xmas viewing joy right now, at an unrepeatable bargain price.

We're talking about the Great Parade Six-Pack Sampler-the half a dozen recent Parades that come to genuine newcomers to fortnightly Parade, as long as they simply complete the coupon in hairdresser Jackie Parade debut.

But before you post that reservation, ask yourself if you can cope with nearly 500 pages of Parade-style fun ,all at once. But don't delay, because held-back stocks of these recent Parades are going down fast.

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ES, LET ME CATCH UP ON PARADE'S BYGONE BOMBSHELLS-AT A BARGAIN PRICE

ease rush me six recent unchy issues of **Parade** at one , for a mere £5.95 including st and packing (far, far less an their original cover prices). am 18 years or over, and can pe with nearly 500 pages of nky **Parade** fun all at once.

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: Parade Super Sampler
fer/Box 171/London E.11

parade

Parade
Crowdpuller

JACKIE MILLER

parade

SOME MISTAKE SURELY! WHAT'S LUSCIOUS LISA DOING ON PARADE'S STAIRWAY TO THE STARS?

As regular Paraders know, we love showcasing new sizzlers on their Parade's famous 'Stairway To The Stars', the top of which lie the peaks of stardom (and, occasionally, showcase a horny has-been on her way down But why should we go to the bottom of o stairs to bring you 'Miss Wet T-Shirt 1990' a ace, never-out-of-the-newspapers, topless st Lisa Renzi?

After all, we all know that this 37-24-36, ha Italian, half-English all horny 20-year old h the world at her pretty feet, already.

No, we're here to simply to get a better view Lisa Renzi's new un-Italian, sleek look.

Yes, having got a taste of how it feels to b shorn-to-please in summer, 20 year-old south-east Londoner Lisa has decided t stay in the depilation generation right through to New Year 1991, because sh knows more andmore right fanciable guys really rate lovelies who depilate.

And there's no doubt about formerly mega-furry Lisa looks great with nothing coming between her and the close-up action, and she'll be even more highly rated defoliated, by pube-haters.

And it goes without saying that her hair-free funbits will be in tremendous demand in Parade's two sidekick mags where pubic hai is utterly square, over the festive season.

So keep an eye open for all-colour Shaven Ravers, and new, take-with you-anywhere Pocket Shaven Ravers between the crackers at your newsagent.

They'll drive you crackers if 'no hai mane' is the name of the game, wh it comes to fanciable females, in your book.

Alternatively you can always catch up on the barber-ic beauties in both mags, simply by posting the secret coupon for male shavinist pigs near by, which invites you to get your fill of both fur-free-four-weeklies-and don't forget too, you can now listen into mucky larks with razor-wielding wantons enjoying the kindest cut of all on 33p-a-minute (44 peak times) hotlines like Anna Shaved & Bare on 0898 884 03 and The Shaving Brush Girl on 0898 884 035.

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, LISA, LET ME SHARE R-FREE THRILLS WITH AVEN RAVERS-FOR T A FIVER!

se rush me the very latest es of Shaven Ravers azine and Pocket Shaven rs magazine.
close just £5 and am 18 s or over.

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arade-Shaven Ravers
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MORE FIRS
TIME FLASHERS GE
THEIR XMAS LOOT, INCLUDI
LUCKY £400 BONUS WINNE

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

A BUMPER BATCH OF EAGER AMATEURS EARN THEIR CHRISTMAS SPENDERS!

No need for your festive batch of eager amateurs and first-time flashers to worry about their pre-Christmas shopping, because they'll all be getting Parade's fat fee (far more than our stingy old rivals) for baring their wild wares in 'Raw Recruits'.
And one of our lucky readers' wives and girlfriends will have our £400 bonus on top of that fee, just for tickling our fancy especially.
So look out for one of this batch of bare-all amateurs on the piste come Christmas, or on that sun-drenched West Indies beach!
And Currently Parade's looking for far more lovelies (and not-so-lovelies) to pack even more pulsating pages of 'Raw Recruits' every two weeks (yes, you've got twice the chance at least, of getting your prints, trannies or even polaroids into print in Parade.
And so, you sexy shutterbugs, make sure Parade gets those horny snaps (but no negs, please) of the love and lust in your life first.
And don't forget we love'em all shapes, sizes and ages (Miss Shapes are especially welcome) at:
RAW RECRUITS at PARADE 50 EAGLE WHARF ROAD LONDON N.1

parade

Posh Morag L. from the New Town part of Edinburgh literally can't wait to air her flame-haired talent's on Hogmenay-and that's why this lawyer's lovely, who loves shocking his chums at the bar, airs her talents this side of Christmas!

Perhaps now the man in her life will cough up that shoppingbonus she's been pleading for, since August, although she's already on her way to having enough to fritter away in Princes Street, with her fee for revealing her highlands and lowlands for Paraders, both north and south of the Tweed.

PARADE'S
RAW RECRUIT

PARADE'S RAW RECRUITS

We're not sure we're heading for those Christmas drinks at Georgina's place in London's docklands, now she's revealed what a dominating bird she can be in those cruel-looking stilettoes.
On the other hand, her photography-mad city banker boyfriend likes nothing more than taking orders from his very own City Wine Barmaid, however strenuous and demanding she chooses to be.

hat a pity that this tiny five-feet-nothing 20 year old panish housemaid can't come to Britain for her hristmas pud and turkey this year, but that also goes for oss who took these snaps of his au pair enjoying her ins-nd-outs in the mirror at his hideyhole on the Costa del otsit.

learly this little minx knows her onions, and that's why he's made it to Raw Recruits, despite the fact that you've already had one Iberian bombshell in this festively funky Parade!

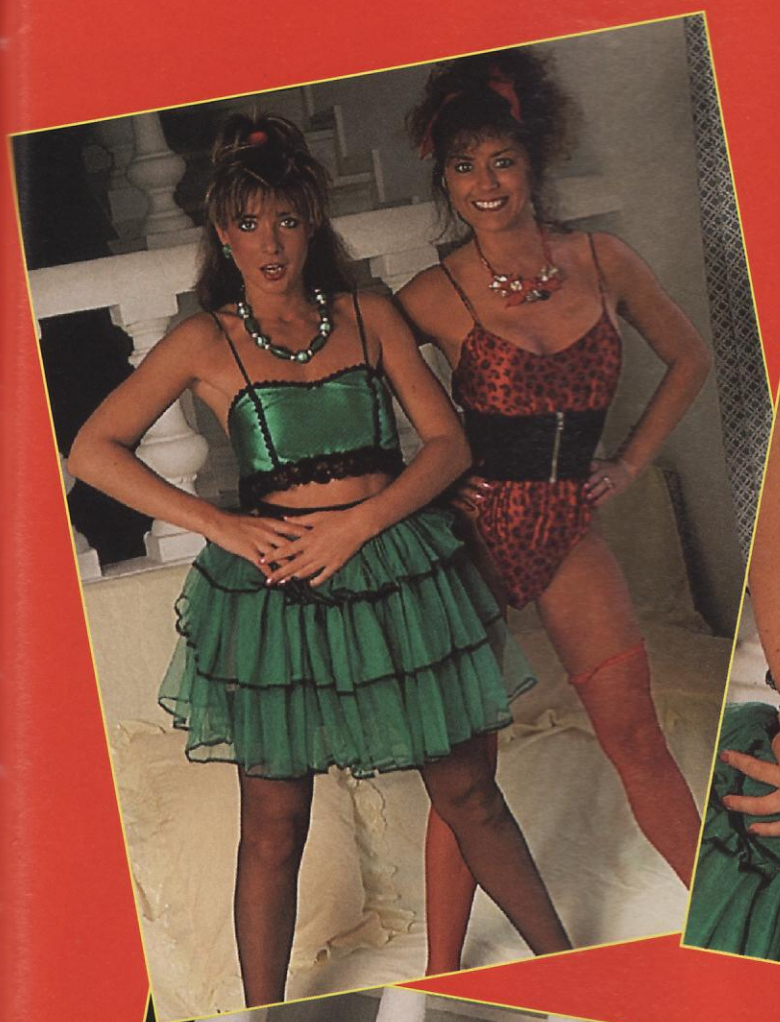
What's more , we're not sure if her exiled boss can even dial Parade's new 33p-a-minute (44peak times) hotline 0898 442 830, Where 'Neighbours & Readers Wives' have all sorts of kinky fun, while the old man's out earning his Christmas bonus!

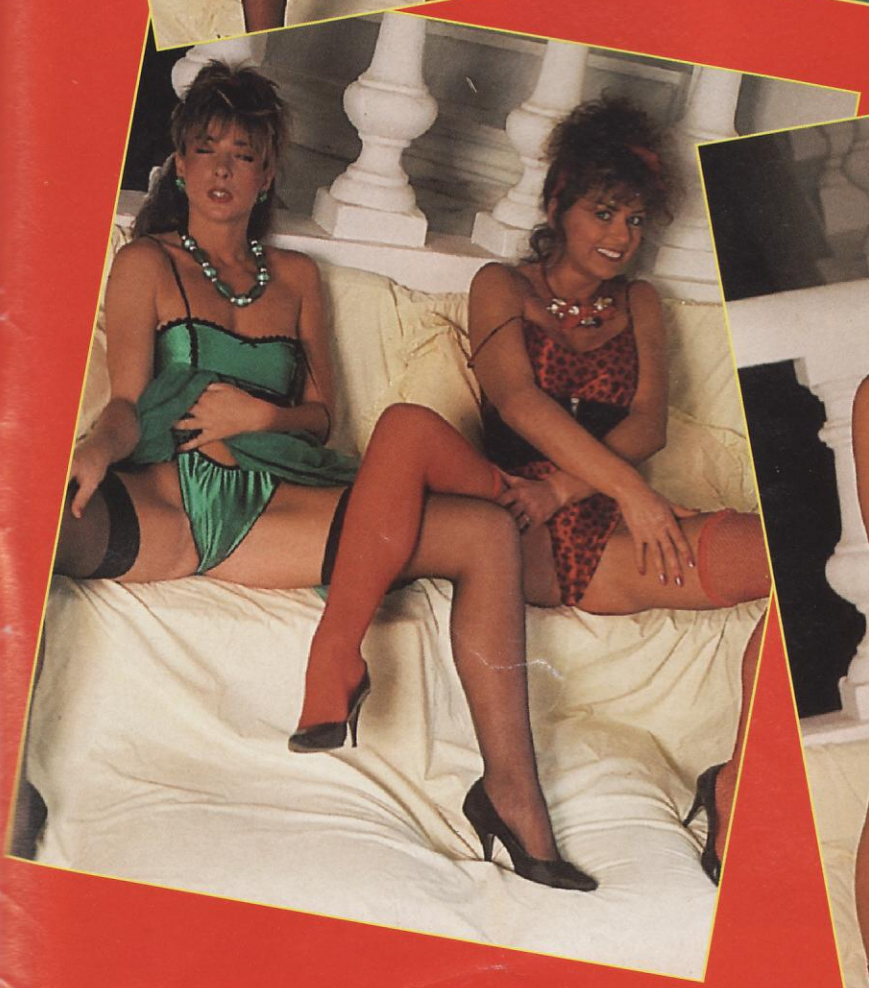
MORE FIRST
TIME FLASHERS GRAB
THEIR XMAS LOOT, INCLUDING
LUCKY £400 BONUS WINNER!

PARADE'S
RAW RECRUITS

OUR PARTYGIRLS OFFER IT FREE TO YOU FOR A YEAR:

Funky Fortnightly Parade, That Is!





COME & PARTY IN PARADE 147, FLESH-FIENDS!
Hand This Queue Jumper's Coupon To Your Nearest Helpful Newsagent Today
Mr Newsagent: Please reserve Parade 147 for me (and every two weeks after that).
I am over 18 years or over.

NAME.....
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ADDRESS.....
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Here are two more mega turn-ons shaping up for the party season, getting in the mood for some meaty mid-winter madness (and here's betting when they demonstrate how to attract the opposite sex, there'll be a riot at Xmas drinks do's).
And regular Paraders will know that both partylovers have aired their talents-to-please in bygone Parades solo, of course, before they come together to party for this trouser-arousing Parade.
But what were their names, Paraders? Tell us, and the first 25 Paraders to come up with the correct answers-the names they used when they starred in Parade- will get a year of fortnightly Parade by post, free and for nothing!

So instead of planning your partytime bonks, for a minute or two call up your memory banks and let's have the low-down on this tooothsome twosome at Parade (you'll see our address up at the front).

And, no, you won't get to know their names on Parade's adults-only 33p-a-minute (44p peak times) party lines, like Blue Models Having Fun on 0898 442 833 or Big Girl Action on 0898 442 836, because we haven't invited this duet to lay on any 'aural '-yet!
On the other hand, you will get to know a lot more swing-anyway, good-time funksters in your next Parade, Number 147.
So avoid the Xmas rush for horny Parade (it sells out even quicker at this time of year), by handing your newsagent the Parade Priority Reservation in this double-your-pleasure finale to this party-mad Parade, today.

parade